

The Wanton Vintner,

AND

The Subtile Damosel.

Being an Account of a Young Blade who needs would be dabling with his Maid Servant, to which she seemed to agree, but went directly and informed her Mistriss, who resolv'd to prove the truth of this matter her own self; so away she went to the place appointed, being the Vault, but her Husband in the mean time sent another to toy with his Maid, so by his own contrivance he Hornified his own pate, his wife in the dark supposing it to be her own Husband.

To the Tune of, *The Douring Virgin.*



You that are with Jests Delighted,
come give ear a while to me,
You shall hear of one requited,
according to his Lethery:
A Vintner gallant, brisk and Gallant,
had a fair and comely Maide,
He did endeavor to deceive her,
So on a time to her he said.

Come my Damsel fair and pretty,
thou art Beautifull in my eye,
And thou art exceeding witty,
I do long with thee to lye:

But she deny'd, and him deny'd,
and seem'd loath to him to yeld,
But in the end, old Love pretend:
by which he thought he'd won the field.

The Maide was honest, just, and Civil,
and abhor'd his base intent,
He was deluded by the Devil,
but she unto her Mistriss went:
And told her all, was to befall,
at which she seem'd to be inrag'd,
But her passion, was a rash one,
and could not quickly be asswag'd.

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The house of Office, the *Maid* told her;
 was the place where they should meet,
 The good wife then did grow more bold;
 and resolved for to seek:
 In discontent, she thither went,
 her husband's folly to find out.
 There it is said, he with his maid,
 had bargained to have a bout.

This maidens beauty was bewitching,
 but mark the dearest jest of all,
 Some were drinking in his kitchen,
 and did for a Reckoning call:
 Away went he immediately,
 and like an inconsiderate Blade,
 Did there relate, and simply prate,
 how he had bargain'd with his maid.

And to the Company declared,
 if any of them did desire,
 His maid to him she should be spared,
 which set one youngsters heart on fire:
 Away went he, most hastily,
 and there he found the *Antners* *Life*
 The maid he thought, for whom he sought,
 which bred much discontent and strife.

But yet he verily believed,
 it was the maid and none but she,
 But this the *Antner* sorely grieved,
 when he knew it certainly:
 Near to the fire, he did admire,
 his honest servant there to see,
 But little thought, that he had wrought
 his future shame, and his

There is your mistress quoth the master
 and began to be afraid;
 Pals mistrusting the disaster,
 of which himself the ground had laid:
 But them he watched, and so he caught,
 them both together coming out,
 The gallant he undoubtedly,
 with his dear *Life* had had a bout.

But oh! how simply he did look then,
 when this sight he chanc'd to see,
 The man he saw was much mistook then,
 which did vex him heartily:
 O he did fret, but yet the net
 which he had for his servant laid,
 His forehead Crown'd, at which he frown'd
 but was not this a subtle maid.

Thus you may see, who digs a hole,
 thinking to cause anothers fall,
 In their own net sometimes do get,
 let this be warning to you all:
 Your honest wives, love as your lives,
 and by them set a mighty store,
 It brings but Shame, unto your name,
 ever to meddle with a whore.

FINIS.

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